

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT. "-Thomas Jefferson.

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1865.

TERMS \$2.00 PER ANNUM

SERIES, NEW

Aweekly Democratic paper, devoted to Poli-tics, News, the Arts, and Sciences &c. Pubished every Wednes-Pay, at Tunkhannock Wyoming County, Pa BY HARVEY SICKLER

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Select Story THE BORDER HEROINE,

lived, a few miles above Herse-Head, a stout in her soul. his unerring rifle never failed to supply his the way."

bled little with prying visitors. It was in early spring that Jacob started down the river with a boat load of furs and brace of pistols. She knew how to use the

her husband patted her upon her shoulder and cried, " Nobly done, Polly, my dear !-I could not have made a better shot my. self." And he had occasion to say this with truth too.

the saddle, Polly made her appearance.

"Ah, Polly-once more here," the new

Jacob has been gone four days, and time is " Jacob gone ? Where ?" "Down the river with a load of furs."

"Oh-I feel safe enough, returned the wo-

man quickly ; "only lonesome."

and saddle-bags into the cabin, and then led his horse around to a low shed, where he of the villains as they reached for the ladder. made the animal fast and fed him. Alter and she soon knew that one of them had this he returned to the dwelling and entered, found it. and was soon descussing the events of the

gave her the news from the eastern valley.

they could, and would, in all arobability, put out. Late in the afternoon, two officers ar- play grounds or listening to the cheerful

in answer to Polly's last remark. "But I can call him, good sirs," reasoned

the woman, calmly, though there was a larm "Call him ? Call ?" growled the villain with a fierce oath. "You call him and you'll

be called to another world. Quick, show us The mild eye that could aim an unerring bullet at the forest beast did not even betray the thoughts of that woman's soul, nor did a look tell her meaning. She was pale, but she did not tremble.

"This way, sirs," she whispered. And as she spoke, she turned towards a door of the little bed room and the pantry. She did not open it until both men was close hehind her.

"Don't you hear him breathe ?" she whis pered.

"Yey," returned both villains. And they did hear a breathing, but it was of the child close at hand.

As they thus answered her she threw the door wide open-it opened inward. The men saw a dark void, but they passed forward. In an instant Polly Burnap leaped back .-Galluss was upon the threshold and his com panion close up on his heels. With all her power, the noble woman threw herself against the rear man, and the next moment both the robbers lay sprauling on the cellar bottem. This had been the door opening to the deep excavation and the only means of egress was by a perpendicular ladder. Could this have been moved, Polly would have pulled it immediately up, but it was spiked to its place and she must let it remain. To close the door would be useless for she had no ready means to fasten it. So she did what she had

resolved upon from the first; she sprang to the fireplace, and caught the trusty rifle from its picket, and having cocked it, she turned towards the open door. She heard the curses

"Back !" she cried, as she saw a head appear above the threshoid. The candle upon but it was sufficient.

She saw the robber raise a pistol. She co'd not die. She had a husband-a child-and only regular visitor at the hunter's cabin, and ringing through the house and its echo was

was equally sure that they would murder if | woman who had saved his life, and then set | strolling in its shady walks or by its verdent the work she had done.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

slive, "old Girard," as the famons banker was usually styled, a short, stout, brisk old gentleman, used to walk in his swift, awkward way, the streets of the lower part of Philad Iphia. Though everything about him indicated that he had very little in common with his fellow citizens, he was the marked man of the city for more than a generation His aspect was rather insignificant and quite unprepossessing. His dress was old fashoned and shabby ; and he wore the pig-tail, the white neck-cloth, the wide brimmed hat. and the large skirted coat of the last century. He was blind in one eye; and though his burly eye-brows gave some character to his countenance, it was curiously devoid of expression. He had also the absent look of a man who either had no thoughts or was absorbed in though ; and ne shuffled along on his enormous feet, looking neither to the right nor to the left. There was always a certain look of the old mariner abcut him, though he had been fifty years an inhabitant of the town. When he rode it was in the plainest, least comfortable gig in Philadelphia, drawn by an ancient and ill formed horse, driven always by the master's own hand at had lived for tifty years, in Water street, close to the wharves, in a small and inconcommerce.

his coat, roll up his shirt-sleeves, and personally labor in the field and in the barn, the animals which he raised for market. It was no mere ornamental or experimental sold, recorded and accounted for. He loved frown her into silence. If she has faults. his grapes, his plums, his pigs, and especially (which without doubt she will have, and their increase-at the highest market rates. ally obtrude upon her ears, "what a good versed with him, one who understand and remarks with indifference, and be very affable esteemed him, there was but one; and he and complaisant with every other lady. If

rived at the cabin, and when they were shown cries of the boys at play, the most sympathe dead bodies, at once proceeded to remove theric and imaginative of men mnst pause them. And, ere the week had passed, whole before censuring the sterile and and unlovely settlements blessed the Border Heroine for life of its founder. And if he should inquire closely into the character and career of the man who willed this great institution into being, he would, perhaps, be willing to admit Within the memory of many persons still that there was room in the world for one Girard, though it were a pity there should ever be another.

VOL. 4 NO. 35

Such an inquiry, would, perhaps, disclose that Stephen Girard was endowed by neture with a great heart as well as a powerful mind, and that circumstances alone closed and hardened the one, cramped and perverced the other. It is not improbable that he was one of those unfortunate beings who desire to be loved, but whose temper and appearance combine to repel it. The marble statue of him, which adorns the entrance to the principal building, if it could speak, might say so to us, "Living, you could not understand nor love me ; dead, I compel, at least, your respect." Indeed, he used to ay, when questioned as to his career, "Wait t || I am dead : my deeds will show what I was."- North American Review.

To Make a Good Wife Unhappy. We apprehend that there are many hus bands who will read the following with a blush :

See her as seldom as possible ; if she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper; or a good pace. He chose still to live where he il after aday's or week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and it: an affection. ate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, venient house, darkened by tall store-houses, and answer her with monosylables. If she amid the bustle, the noise, and the odors of force back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence His sole pleasure was to visit once a day a till she is fully convinced of your indifference. ittle farm which he possessed a few miles Never think you have anything to do to make out of town, where he was wont to take off her happy, out that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you hoeing corn, pruning trees, tossing hay, and do not appear gratified. Never take an intenot disdaining to assist even in butchering rest in any of her pursuits; and if she aske your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinet. If she attemps to farm. He made it pay. All of its produce rally you good humoredly, on any of your was carefully, nay, scrupulously husbanded, peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but his rate breed of canary birds; but the peo perhaps may be ignorent of.) never attempt ple of Fujiadelphia had the full benefit of with kindness to correct them, but continu-Many feared, many served, but none loved wife-Mr. Smith has." "How happy Mr. this singular and lonely old man. If there Smith is with his wife. In company never was among the very few who habitually con- seem to know you have a wife : treat all her

Some years ago, before the State of Arkansas was so densely populated as now, and when the mail from Little Rock to the eastern borders was carried on horseback, there

pioneer named Jacob Burnap. His wife Polly, and one child, nine years old, made up his family. His chief business was hunting, and board and something over. His nearest neighbor was fifteen miles off, so he was trou

skins. He left Polly in charge of the premises, and left with her, too, a light rifle and a rifle, for never was she happier than when

Jacob Burnap had been gone four days when towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hunter's door. He was a small mascular man, some forty years of age, and seemed inured to all hardships. As he sprang from

comer said, as he drew a well filled pair of saddle bags from the back of his beast. "Yes, and I am glad to see you, Morton-

getting heavy."

"Oh-ah-yes. Well, you shall have the company of Lant Morton for one night at

least; so for the next twelve hours you'll feel safe."

Thus speaking, Morton threw his saddle

times over an ample supper. His hostess told him all that had transpired in her neigh the table threw but a dim light upon the spot borhood since his last visit, and the visitor

Lant Morton had been mail carrier upon that rout for several years, and not once had had set herself to save the carrier. With he passed to and fro, without spending a night these thoughts flashing through her mind she at Jacob Burnap's. In fact, he was about the pulled the trigger. A sharp report went

her out of the way as well. They had evidently learned the valuable load he carried, and meant to carry it in his stead. "Never mind his being asleep. Show us

where he is at once," roughly replied Gallus

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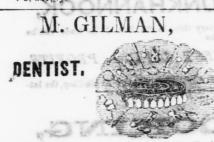
HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their custom. Wm. H CCRTRIHHT.

June, 3rd, 1863

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PROPRIETOR.

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Agt. for Harvy & Collins,

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atlhough the intervals between his visits were a deep groan from the cellar bottom. long, yet he seemed almost a fixture of the place. Polly Bunrap. -still in the bloom of woman hood -knew his generous, noble char- volver in each hand.

acter, so she felt perfectly free and at home in his presence. "Is it known on the rout that your load is

so valuable 2

"I think not-though it may be. Still I am-well armed, and I fancy it would be a tough job for any one to tackle old Lant. "A man was robbed on the creek a few

days ago." "And the robbers have fled ;" added Mor-

ton, carlessly, as he drew his mail-bags after him.

Morton went to bed at nine o'clock, as he was tired and sleepy from his hard ride .-Polly had work to do, having neglected it while talking with her guest, so when she had seen him safely at rest in the loft, she drew her basket to the little table where the

candle was, and went to work upon some clothing for her child who was soundly sleep ing in the corner.

The old German clock upon the wall, with its great weights and winding strings all exposed, had struck ten, ere Polly arose from her work. She had just pushed the basket beneath the table, and taken up the candle, when the front door opened, and two men entered. They were in their stockings, their

shoes having been left out side. " Hush !" uttered the foremost of the intruders. "Speak but one word above a whisper, and you die in an instant."

Polly recovered from her quick terror, and looked up. She saw two, stout, wicked, ugly looking men, one of whom held a cocked pistol towards her. "With a quickness of per-

ception, natural to her, she knew that the pistol would not be fired if she held her peace as that would make more noise than she could make. And further-she recognized in the foremost a notorious villain, who bore the name of Dick Galluse.

She had never seen him bofore, but the minute description her husband had given of the man, led her at once to know him-and positively, too, for one big scar on the left

cheek was mark enough. "What seek you, gentlemen?" asked Polly, without betraying the least fear.

"We have come to seek the mail carrier," replied Galluss, in a hoarse whisper. "Where

is he ? Don't speak too loud." "He is long since asleep. Would it not do as well to see him in the morning? We can find you room and lodging."

The fair bostess had said this for the purpose of gaining time. She knew very well that these men came to rob the carrier, and

Ere ahe second robber could show himself. Morton came rushing into the room with a re-

"What is it ?" he cried. "There ! There !" gasped Polly, pointing

to the doorway, where a savage looking face had just presented itself.

Lant Morton had been long enough used to danger not to waste time in conjecture. "Are there any more ?" he asked cocking the second pistol.

"No. I shot one !" And as Polly Burnap tnus spoke she sank into a chair.

"And so you meant to save me ?" semakd the carrier, as Polly hesitated. "Yes. yes,-I did. Yet, that was it." And as soon as the noble woman was suffiiently recovered, she told him the whole

Morton expressed his thanks as best he could : but after all, the moisture of his sharp gray eye, the changing of his counte nance, and the very lack of language, told

After due deliberation, it was decided

the floor of the large room. In the morning, just as the carrier was dressed, there came a loud rap upon the outer door, accompanied by a voice which he knew full well. He hastened to open the door, and gave entrance to Jacob Burnap .-The hunter had met a party of traders at Lewisburg, and disposnd of all his skins to them, thus finishing his journey six days sooner than he had anticipated. . Polly was soon upon her husband's bosom and when he had told his own story. Morton gave him an account of the last night's ad venture. Jacob was at first incredulous.

but when he had been down and seen the bodies, he was satisfied. "Polly my jewel," he said, placing one

find more to love." And then turning to Morton, he added : "What do you think of such a wife ?"

"Ah," returned the guest, with deep feel-

to do so. He once more blessed the brave looking up at its five massive marble edifices, live by the pon.

was a man of such abounding charity, that. you follow these directions you may be cerlike Uncle Toby, if he had heard that the tain of an obedient and heart broken wile. devil was hopelessly damned, would have

said. "I am sorry for it." Never was there His temper was violent, his presence forbidding his usual manner ungracious, his will inflexible, his heart unter der, his imagination dead. He was odious to many of his fellow etizens, who considered him the hardest and ed and punished as such. meanest of men. He had lived among them for half a century, but he was no more a Philadelphian in 1830 than in 1776. He still spoke with a French accent, and accompanied his words with a French shrug and French gesticulation. Surrounded with negro slavery is out of the way, and there Christian churches which he had helped to is, therefore, no pretext for continuing the build, he remained a sturdy unbeliever, and war. possessed the complete works of only one man, Voltaire.

He made it a point of duty to labor on Sunday, as a good example to others. He made no secret of the fact that he considered the idleness of Sunday an injury to the people, moral and economical. He would have opened his bank on Sunday, if any one wo'd have come to it. For his part he required no rest and would have none. He never travelled. He never attended public assemblies or amusements. He had no affections to gratify, no friends to visit, no curiosity to appease, no tastes to indulge. What he once said of himself appeared to be true, that he rose in the morning with but a single object, and that was to labor so hard all day as to be able to sleep all night. The world was absolutely nothing to him but a working place. He scorned and scouted the idea that old men should cease to labor, and guess it tis." should spend the evening of their days in tranquility. "No," he would say, "labor is the price of life, its happiness, its everything ; to rest is to rust ; every man should labor to the last hour of his ability ?" Such was Stephen Girard, the richest man who ever lived in Penneylvania.

This is an unpleasant picture of a citizen of polite and amiable Philadelphia. It were arm around her neck, "I am proud of you, indeed a grim and dreary world, wherein I love you more and more, for every day I should prevail the principles of Girard. But see what this man has done for the city that loved him not ! Vast and imposing struc- all of his slaves with free papers. tures rise on the banks of the Schaylkin, wherein, at this hour, six hundred poor or ng, "if poor Lant Morton had such a one he phan boys are fed, clothed, trained and taught, upon the income of the enormous and stand upon ceremonies. When Morton left, he was directed to estate which he won by this entire consestop at the first settlement, and state to the cration to the work of accumulating proper-

IMPORTANT TO DRAFAED MEN .- The faila person more destitute than Girard of the ure to receive a formal notice does not release qualities which win the affection of others. drafted men from their obligation to report ; and, by order of Major O'Berne, all parties who fail to report, whether they receive a uotice of their names having been drawn or not are to be considered as deserters, and arrest -IT M. D. Conway, the pioneer aboli-

tionist of Massachusetts, and editor of the Boston Commonwealth, comes out in favor of the Southern Confederacy. He argues that

A report to the Rhode Island legislature shows that the abolition patriots of that State have been guilty of large frauds in in the enlistment of negroes, cheating recruits out of their bounties, receiving bounties on forged papers, etc.

A GO D JOKE. -- Kennedy who was hung at Governor's Island, last week for setting fire to Barnum's Museum, says he did it "for a joke." The end of this was a capital jokethe joker being choked off to the tune of a lively ditty.

A QUERY .- If so many soldiers are required in the field just now, why is it that the Connecticut soldiers are being furloughed just now ? Is it to allow them to go to Connecticut to vote ? As the Yankee says "we sorter

RELEASED FROM A BASTILE .- Stephen J. Joice, Esq., one of the editors of the late Baltimore Republican, has been released from Fort Delaware, where he has been entombed for fourteen long and weary months, His appearance presents that of a man considerably impaired or wasted away by close confine ment.

The Louisnille Journal, of the 18th. says; Gov, Bramiette yesterday furnished

CE What is the difference between forms and ceremonies ? You sit upon forms

The man who makes a business of officers what had happened, and he promised ty. In the ample grounds of Girard College, raising pork for the market may be said to

wouldn't be a mail carrier."

tory. more than words could have done.

> that the bodies should remain where they were till morning. So the cellar door was shut, the front door bolted, and then they prepared once more to retire; but for the rest of the night Morton made his bed upon